Vol. V. Numb. 15.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Affairs of Portugal. *Of the new Conteſt about the Merrits of Great Men. Remarks on the ſame. Of the News by the laſt Poſt from* Spain, *with Remarks.*

From Saturday May the 4th, to Wednesday May the 8th, 1706.

Country-m. MAſter, we have no News Material in all the *Prints*, and therefore, if you Pleaſe, I'll Read you the Letters that I have Mark'd for your Peruſal.

Obſ. We muſt not be Idle, *Country-man*: We muſt ſay *ſomething*, and the People muſt be Contented with what Proviſion the Market affords.

Country-m. I won't Read all this *Letter* which comes Sign'd *W. D.* the former part of it being Compliment Only. Says he, *I have a farther Suit to you: For of late ſeveral Gentlemen (well affected to the preſent Government) made very Extravagant Reflections on our Affairs in* Portugal, *concerning which I ſhall expect your Opinion: The Tranſactions on* that *Side, for ſome time paſt, having alſo cauſed in me very Anxious Thoughts; herein you will not only gratifie thoſe very Gentlemen, but, in a moſt peculiar manner.*

Your humble Servant, *&c.*

Obſ. Well, *Country-man*, what do'ſt thou ſay to this Point?

Country-m. Say, Maſter: I ſay nothing to the Point. *Ware Horns is the Word with me.* Is not the King of *Portugal* an Ally? And if I ſhould ſpeak a little *Black Truth* about his Affairs, hasn't he got an *Ambaſſador* here? And don't, I can't tell how many of our *Engliſh Papiſts* frequent his *Chappel*; and mayn't they make Complaint to *Him*, and *He* to the *Secretary of State*; and ſo mayn't the *Country-man* be Bound *Over* to *Term* as well as the *Obſervator*; and juſt at an unlucky time to be forc'd to attend in the midſt of *Hey-Harveſt*? No, no, I'll talk when Men can talk with leſs Danger than at preſent. I fancy this Man ſent you this Letter on purpoſe to enſnare you.

Obſ. No, *Country-man*, I believe him to be no ſuch Perſon; but rather an Old *Britain* that has Lived in times of Perfect *Freedom*, when Men might uſe their *Pens* and *Tongues* for the *Good* of their *Country*; but now has forgot himſelf.

As for the Affair of *Portugal*, let that go on for *Jack*: Should I intermeddle with the Affairs of that Monarch, the *Review*, the *Rehearſal*, All the *Pamphleteers* would be upon my Back again, and tell me how Saucy I am in ſpeaking againſt Crown'd Heads; ſet the *Government* againſt me, and get me again Bound *Over*; and therefore, *Country-man*, thy Word ſhall be mine, *Ware Horns*. I won't ſpeak one Word about theſe Peoples Crown'd Heads: I'll give 'em no occaſion to wriggle up the *Secretarys* Stairs with Complaints, or to make a Noiſe on their Papers. Have a care, *Country-man*, the *Authors* are Betraying one another as faſt as they can. A *Pilloried Scribbler* is reſtleſs until ſuch time as he can make others taſte of his Puniſhment.

But, *Country-man*, we may make ſome uſe of theſe things, tho' not directly and in Form, as we are deſired. This Letter may put us in mind, that what Mr. *Stephens* ſays is true, *That there are People who give falſe turns to Publick Affairs:* But we muſt have a care That we do not, like Mr. *Stephens*, turn the falſe Turns upon *Great Men*, eſpecially in times when *ſome* People call *Great Men* the *Government*; and ſo, like Mr. *Stephens*, make *Publick Recantations*, which is full as bad as ſtanding in a *White Sheet* in a *Church*.

Eſpecially, *Country-man*, let us avoid ſpeaking of *Great Men* at this time, when there is a *Faction*, I don't know what otherwiſe to call it, about the Greatneſs of their Actions; not only in *Print*, but in *Common Diſcourſe*, the Actions of the *Duke*, and the Actions of the *Earl*, are ſet one againſt 'tother. But, *Country-man*, whoever the People are that make this ado, they are Enemies to the *Queen* and *Government*; and, let 'em pretend to whatſoever they pleaſe, there is ſome *Secret Deſign* in it.

What need any one cry up the Actions of the *Duke*, in Diſgrace to the *Earl*, unleſs it be to make a Diviſion of *Minds*? The *Duke* has Fought us one Glorious Battle, and brought us Home many *Trophies*; and, perhaps, would have done ſo laſt Year had not his hands been ty'd. The *Earl* has done more than could be expected; he has been continually in *Action*; has Headed his Men in the greateſt *Dangers*; and, with few *Troops*, has gain'd Great *Conqueſts* againſt a Numerous *Enemy*.

Very well, theſe two *Great Men* have done *Great Things*: One has been Honourably Rewarded for his Services, as we hope the other will be. But, pray, what has either of 'em done more than their Duty, than what the Service of their Country required? And how are the People to be Intreſted in this New Quarrel? *My General, and my General*, is now the Word. And from the *Coffee-Houſe Talk*, it is become a *Paper Conteſt*; and where 'twill end I don't know, nor don't care.

But what will *Foreigners* think of this ſtrange new *Conteſt* about the *Glory* and *Honour* of our *Potentates*. They muſt conclued that Victories are very uncommon things to *Engliſhmen*; that we rarely employ Men that are true to their Truſt, when we make ſuch ado about a Conqueſt. I muſt needs ſay, *Engliſhmen* are in the right to Praiſe and Reward ſuch as have Signaliz'd themſelves in the Service of their Country: But the *Impartiality* appears in giving *All* to *One*, in Contending, as if no *One* but the *Generals* had the leaſt ſhare of the Victory.

Beſides, when *Honour* and *Fame* proceeds chiefly from the Breath of *Parties*, it lies open and expos'd to *Cenſure*, whether there be any ſuch great matter as is pretended. If there be,

Rea

Res ipsa Loquiter. *Great Actions* will speak for themselves; and Men of *Great Virtues* and *Real Worth*, need not the Breath or Pens of *Scycophants* to Publish their Praises, nor are such Men desirous of Applause and Rewards. The *Honour* of *Great Actions*, is to have done them, and the *Reward* of them, is the Inward Satisfaction of having done ones *Duty*.

We can never depend upon the Truth of a Mans *Merrit*, or real *Worth*, that is cry'd up by a *Party*. When the *Bubble* of *Honour* is puff'd up by *Popular Breath*, and glitters in the Sun-shine of *Applause*, it seems Glorious; but many times, when put into the Scale of *Justice*, 'tis a *Bubble* indeed, and lighter than a *Feather*. Han't we known, in our time, an *Admiral* hoisted up to the *Topmast-Head* of *Honour*, by the *Hall-Yards* of *Popular Fame?* Han't we heard him cry'd up as a *Heroe*, as having been in the *Sharpest Engagement* that ever was seen? And soon after, when the Wind of *Popular Applause* turn'd against him, han't we seen him lowring his *Topsails*, reiving his *Courses*, at last striking his *Masts*, and coming to an *Anchor* in an *Obscure Cove*, where he now rides a meer *Hulk* of *Honour*, undistinguish'd from the rest of Mankind.

Again, on the other hand, what's become of that General, I mean Monsieur *Staugenburgh*, that Fought at *Eceren*, the greatest Battle this *Century* has produc'd. Did *Popular Applause* advance him to that *High-Post*, as most Men expected? Where are the *Great Men* that Fought the Conclusive, and great Battle in *Ireland?* Where are your *London-Derry Heroes*, your *Inniskillingers?* No, *Country-man*, *Common Fame* is a *Common Jilt*, and whoever Embraces her must be Clap'd in his Understanding.

Besides, *Country-man*, 'tis not *Policy* to over-do any thing. When we heap such unaccountable Praises on those that have Serv'd us well, 'tis in Effect telling them, That we expect no more from them, and that they have done enough already; and if they are not Govern'd by the *Principles* of *Solid Virtue*, they'll think so too, and that 'tis time to leave off, when, do what they can, they can't Advance themselves one Peg higher on the Pinnacle of *Honour*.

Country-man, I am not engaged in this Contest any farther than it does affect the *Common Good* of my *Country*; I am for doing *Justice* and paying *Respect* to all those *Great Men* that Serve us Faithfully, they shan't want one Jot of my Duty, nor will I detract from the one to advance the other. Indeed, I have been forc'd to justifie the Proceedings of the Earl of *Peterborough*, for, from the time that Noble Lord Entered into the Service of the *Government*, his *Expedition* has been Talk'd *Abortive* by those that wish'd no good to their Country, and so it would have prov'd, could *Evil Tongues* have laid a Spell on his Actions.

But contrary to their hopes and wishes, that Noble Lord, by true *English Courage* and *Conduct*, has surmounted Difficulties to Humane Appearance insuperable. God has wonderfully Prosper'd him in *All* his Enterprizes; and, I hope, will Enable him to finish a Work, the like few Ages can produce, I mean the reducing the Kingdom of *Spain* to its Obedience, to its *Lawful Soveraign*, King *Charles* the Third.

Let others Argue the Point, Whether, in this *Great Affair* he has been neglected or not. 'Tis a dangerous thing for me to discuss; but, I am sure, I shall never be negligent in the Vindication of so Great a Man, whose *Fidelity* to his Country was never yet mistrusted; and whose *Actions* have now given us Proof of what *All* Good Men had conciev'd of him before.

Country-m. Master, Will you say one Word to the *Rehearsal?*

Obs. 'Tis not worth while.

Country-m. But he has something to say to you.

Obs. Is it any thing to the Purpose?

Country. He says *That you have Abused his Royal Highness, Prince* George *of* Denmark.

Obs. Tho' this is a *False* and *Malicious* Accusation, and fit to be Talk'd of, yet we have something more Material to Discourse of at this present time. Here's an Account of the News from *Portugal*, which concerns us more than the *Lies* of Mr. *Rehearsal*, or any Body else.

Country-m. Have you got that sent you? Pray let us hear what it is?

Obs. It brings a Confirmation of what is already past to us; and a Relation of what is since done. *Placentia*, in short, is surrender'd to the Earl of *Gallway* without a Blow: *Coria* is also in our Possession: And tho', to this Place, as the Council of *Trent* informs us, the *Infalible Spirit* was brought in a *Portmanteau* to the Election of a *Pope*, it seems now to have Deserted the Place, since the Town has Declared against the *Pope*, by Declaring for the *House of Austria*. Whether the Earl of *Gallway* will call at *Toledo* or no, in his March to *Madrid*, I shan't determine; but certain it is, he's there by this time; and that, in his March, he has had many Towns Surrender'd to him, of which we have no Notice; That had *Anjou* got but half such Advantages, we should have had a wonderful Bluster of it on the *Paris Gazette*.

What remains now is by way of Remark and Observation. Did not I tell you that it look'd Ill upon the Affairs of *Anjou*, when the Major part of the Grandees staid behind at *Madrid*, under Pretence of Advising the Queen? I foresaw *then* that they staid to wait an Opportunity of Declaring for the *House of Austria*, which Opportunity they have now gain'd: This I don't in the least Question.

Country-m. But, Master, our *Jacks* and *High-Flyers* are very Rampant, and say *That the City of* Barcelona *will be* Taken *before our Ships can come to their Relief.* What think you of that Affair?

Obs. 'Tis hard to determine how an Enterprize will Succeed, that depends upon Wind and Weather. But, according to our Advices from the Fleet, in all Humane Probability, they are come time enough; but if not, let us rest our selves Contented that we have done our best Endeavours, and that both *Fleet* and *Army* are Entrusted in such Hands, whose *Fidelity* is not in the least Suspicious.

But be it as they say, That *Barcelona* is *Taken*: *Anjou* has made a sorry Exchange: If thou do'st swop thy *Horses* and *Cows* at such a rate, thou'lt soon *Break*. He has gotten a Town and lost a Kingdom; he has gotten a Town he cannot keep, in which he cannot be Secured, either by *Sea* or *Land*. Has he any thing to Boast off, concerning such a *Benefit Ticket?*

Country-m. Yes, Master, just as much I shall have, when I lose my *Horses* to keep my *Cart*. He's turn'd *Stock-Jobber*, and has made a fine *Job* of it indeed: Starve him in the Town say I. Come, Master, here's a good Health to King *Charles* the Third.

Advertisements.

THis is to give Notice to those that have the Three First Volumes of the *Observators* by them, That the FOURTH Volume is now Perfected, with Title, Preface and Index. Printed and Sold by *John How*, at the Seven Stars in *Talbot-Court*, in *Grace-Church-street*; where the other Volumes are likewise to be had, or any Single *Observator*.

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